

"BAT" MASTERSON AND GAMBLERS HELD IN BAIL FOR EXAMINATION---FAMOUS PISTOL IN COURT.

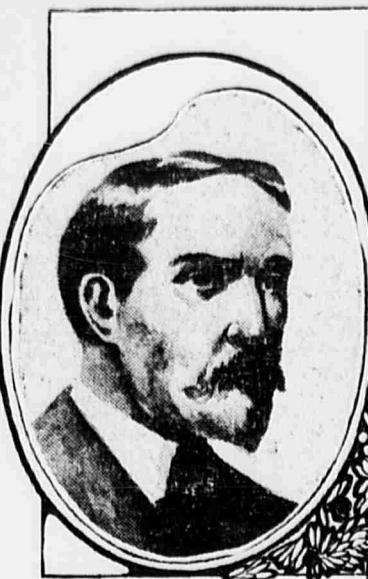
Western Sporting Man Pleaded Guilty to Carrying Concealed Weapon and Paid a Fine of \$10—Denies Huge Swindling Charge.

"Bat" Masterson pleaded guilty in Centre Street Court this morning to carrying concealed weapons and paid a \$10 fine. The big 44-calibre revolver, with which he is said to have killed twenty-eight men, was produced in evidence. Masterson whispered to his attorney as the weapon was handed to Magistrate Crane, and the lawyer nodded, as much as to say that the famous weapon would be returned.

In court with Masterson were his companions, Joseph Sullivan, a California horseman; Leopold Frank and J. F. Sanders, gamblers who were arrested with him on complaint of George H. Snow, son of the former President of the Mormon Church, who told the police that the quartet had fleeced him out of \$16,000 by means of a "brace" faro layout.

The prisoners were two hours late in appearing and Magistrate Crane refused to lecture them, but the detectives explained that the delay was caused at Police Headquarters, where photographs of the men were taken together with the "crooked" gambling paraphernalia found in the room where Sanders and Frank were placed under arrest.

Held in \$500 Bail. Affidavits charging the men with having gambling paraphernalia in their possession and inducing men to go with them to a house for the purpose of gambling were made by the detectives. Mr. Snow did not appear as a complainant, as the money he alleges was taken from him was lost in Chicago, Hot Springs and Buffalo. The offense charged is only a misdemeanor, and the hearing was laid over until Monday. The bonds of Masterson and Sullivan were con-



JOSEPH SULLIVAN



LEOPOLD FRANK



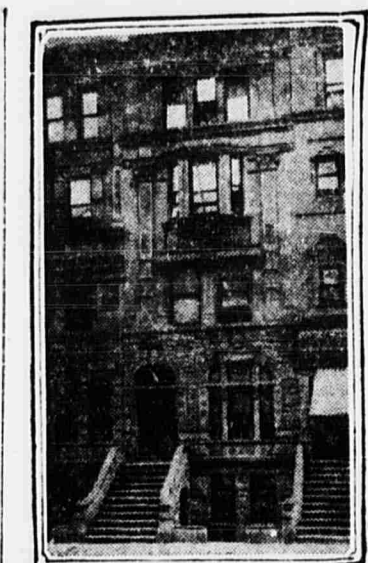
J. F. SANDERS



WM. B. (BAT) MASTERSON

tinued, and Sanders and Frank were released in \$500 bail. Masterson said after leaving the courtroom: "I have been in New York for two weeks playing the races. I usually come here for the spring races. I have been very fortunate and am not so badly off for money that I would have to flee people. This is the first time in my life that I have been accused of 'fake' gambling, and I will make it go hard with the man who made the charge. I see the newspapers say I have killed twenty-eight men, as many as six in one night. Well, then Masterson stopped and broke off with a short laugh. 'If I was the 'killer' they say I am I guess something would have happened to those detectives who thought it necessary to beat Sullivan and me yesterday when they arrested us."

Story of Alleged Swindle. According to the police, information reached them several weeks ago that a band of shrewd swindlers were working their way East, fleeing victims as they went along by means of crooked faro layouts, which they operated in rooms in high-class hotels. The first definite information of the gang's presence here was brought to Capt. Titus by Mr. Snow, who said he



107 WEST 69th ST. Detectives Gargus, Tinker and Collins

were on hand at the Waldorf yesterday when Snow met Sanders and Frank. Two cabs, one containing Snow and the gamblers, the other the detectives, rolled away from the hotel and stopped in front of the house No. 107 West Sixty-ninth street.

A short while after Snow entered the detectives went in. After handcuffing Sanders and Frank, the detectives gathered up the crooked faro layout and collected a lot of marked cards of the kind known to gamblers as "strippers," "readers" and "skinners."

Captured After a Struggle. Knowing that Sanders had been seen in the company of Masterson and Sullivan, the detectives started out after them, and came upon them at Columbus avenue and Sixty-ninth street, only a short distance from the house. They had a struggle to get the men, but overpowered them and took the quartet in a cab to Police Headquarters. There Mr. Snow was not very sure in his identification of Masterson, but refused to withdraw the complaint against him. The house at No. 107 West Sixty-ninth street, to which the detectives followed Mr. Snow and Frank and Sanders yesterday, is a handsome four-story brown-stone structure. It is luxuriously furnished interiorly and is conducted as a fashionable boarding-house. The

woman in charge said this morning: "You can call me Mrs. Gilbert. That is not my name, but it will do for the purpose. I live here alone with my little boy and have a house full of respectable people. There has never to my knowledge been a faro game or any other sort of a gambling game run in this house. The men whom the police took out of here yesterday were strangers to me. They represented themselves as Western mining promoters and they behaved themselves in a gentlemanly way."

"I don't know. I don't know their names as they appear in the papers today. I don't suppose they would have given me their right names. They have been here for several weeks. Every one in the house feels outraged by what took place here yesterday. Most of my people are married, and this notoriety is very unpleasant."

At the West Sixty-eighth Street Station the desk sergeant said that though the house was not down on the station list of boarding-houses, no complaint had ever been made of it and on investigation the neighbors had given the occupants a good reputation. Capt. Kelf visited the place this morning and said he was satisfied that the owner of the house had been imposed upon by her

AWAKENED WIFE AFTER TAKING ACID.

Campbell Drank Carbolic, Then Aroused His Sleeping Spouse to Tell Her He Had Swallowed the Poison.

With no apparent cause, William Campbell, of No. 71 West One Hundred and Eighth street, ended his life with carbolic acid early this morning. Campbell was night barkeeper in a saloon at Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, was thirty-three years old and lived in apparent happiness with his young wife.

He arrived at his home as usual this morning. His wife was asleep and he did not disturb him. When he had awakened her he had a goblet in his hand. "Well, I have done it," he said. "I have taken carbolic acid," said he. Then he turned and walked toward the kitchen.

The wife bounded out of bed, screaming with fright. The neighbors assembled in her flat. They found Campbell writhing in agony on the kitchen floor. Falkman, Rahill, of the West One Hundredth street station, summoned an ambulance, meanwhile playing Campbell with milk, molasses and other antidotes for the acid. But the suicide died on the way to the J. Hood Wright Hospital.

GOFF TO TRY HERLIHY.

Case Set Down for Monday in the Recorder's Court.

Recorder Goff is to hear the retrial of Police Captain John H. Herlihy for neglect of duty. Herlihy's case is on the calendar of Recorder Goff's court for Monday, and District-Attorney Jerome says there will be no adjournment. Herlihy was tried two weeks ago before Justice Scott in the criminal branch of the Supreme Court, the jury disagreeing, standing eight for acquittal to four for conviction.

Death Followed Fall.

Henry F. Standerwick, a well-known resident of Stapleton, S. I., who a few weeks ago while inspecting the new Masonic Temple fell from the second floor to the cellar, is dead. Although he recovered from his injuries sufficiently to be able to go out, he later suffered a complication of troubles that he succumbed. He was sixty years old.

NIECE OF RICHARD CROKER IS SUED FOR DIVORCE.

Court Does Not Like Evidence Given Against Mrs. Daisy Morgan, Who Has Been on Stage.

GREAT NECK, L. I., June 7.—The residents of this place were surprised to learn that Mrs. Daisy Morgan, formerly a resident here and a favorite niece of Richard Croker, is figuring as defendant in a suit for absolute divorce brought by her husband, Terry G. Morgan, of Port Washington. Mrs. Morgan is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Warren, who for many years were residents of Great Neck. Both have died within a short time.

Mrs. Warren was Mrs. Croker's sister, and she and her daughter, Mrs. Morgan, had several times visited Mr. Croker at his English home at Wantage. Mrs. Morgan's husband, Terry Gould Morgan, is an accomplished musician, first met his wife when he was engaged to give her violin lessons at her father's home in Great Neck.

She was then sixteen years of age, and as a result of their frequent meetings as instructor and pupil, they fell

in love and were married on June 6, 1893. Two years of bliss followed, Mr. Morgan says, and then came his domestic troubles. When the case came up yesterday before Judge Gaynor, in the Supreme Court, the Justice declined to accept certain evidence offered on account of the youthful appearance of the person giving it, the Court referring to him as a boy witness.

He added that he would dismiss the complaint if the plaintiff did not produce different testimony to substantiate the charges made in the complaint. Mrs. Morgan, who is an attractive young woman about twenty-five years old, a short time ago became ambitious to go on the stage, and appeared under the name of Daisy Weistad in the character of Molly, a seminary girl in a comedy called "The Boarding School," when the play was presented in the Criterion Theatre in Brooklyn on Nov. 11 last.

Stern Brothers

Window Shades, Awnings and Furniture Slip Covers Made to Order. Furniture Upholstered in the best manner with most desirable materials.

Lace Curtains Cleaned at Very Moderate Rates and Stored during the Summer without charge.

West Twenty-third Street

POLICE SERGEANT VICTIM OF THUG.

Beckwith, of Mount Vernon, Struck Down Either by Highwayman or Vengeful Ex-Convict, Force Says.

(Special to The Evening World.)

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., June 7.—Sergeant Henry C. Beckwith, of the Mount Vernon Police Department, is suffering from concussion of the brain at his home here, the result of an assault, the police believe, committed by a highwayman or some vengeful ex-convict. The sergeant's condition is critical and his chances of recovery are slight.

The case is a mystery.

In Chief of Police Foley's absence, Sgt. Beckwith is acting chief. He is first sergeant and has a fine record, having won his position in the department through meritorious service.

Beckwith went on duty at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and was relieved shortly before midnight by Sgt. Grant. Beckwith left the station immediately and boarded a New Rochelle car at 12:05 o'clock for his home. It takes ten minutes for the run to where Sgt. Beckwith lives. He reached the trolley to his home. The trolley passes his door and the conductor of the car says that the sergeant bid him good night and then alighted in front of his home.

Fifteen minutes later the motorman saw a south-bound car from New Rochelle saw a man lying in the gutter in front of the Beckwith house.

Stopping his car and going over to him he found that the victim was Beckwith. Although medical aid was summoned immediately, it was impossible to revive the man. The doctors in attendance said the injury could not have been sustained in a fall.

The police are divided as to Sgt. Beckwith's assailant. Some are of the opinion that a highwayman mistook him, being in plain clothes, for one of the wealthy residents of Mount Vernon Heights, while other believe that the blow was dealt by a man whom he had sent to jail.

Beckwith has been a noted thief taker, and some of the policemen recall prisoners to mind who have threatened to "get even" with "Old Beck."

The sergeant always laughed when told of such threats.

GUESTS GO TO THE SPA.

Excursion Limited Excursion Will Be a Three-Day Event.

The third annual excursion marking the inauguration of the New York Central Railroad's "Saratoga Limited" service will be held on June 21, 22 and 23. A special train carrying the guests will leave the Grand Central Depot at 1:40 p. m. Saturday, June 21, for Saratoga Springs. The train will be accompanied by the New York Central and Delaware and Hudson Railroad officials and the residents of Saratoga. The day will be spent in driving and various amusements and at 6:40 a. m. Monday, June 22, the start for home will be made.

WHEEL COMPANIES MAY COMBINE. The report that the Pressed Steel Car Company and the American Foundry Company are to consolidate and form a new company is revived.

The new company is expected to produce the same commodities as the two old ones, and to work in close cooperation with the steel industry to get many economies.

JOHN MARLEY, BLIND NEWSBOY, RUN DOWN AND KILLED BY A HANSOM CAB.

Life of a Well-Known Figure on Sixth Avenue Crushed Out by a Vehicle Bearing Name of Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

It is hard enough for persons possessing all the five senses to cross Sixth avenue at Thirty-third street without mishap. That little John Marley, blind as he was, made the crossing day after day for months, was remarkable, but like everybody else, John got careless and a cab crushed out his life last night.

At the age of five John suffered from spinal meningitis, which left him sightless. He was educated in the Institution for the Blind, graduating last winter with a good record for skill as a worker with his hands and an average record for proficiency in book learning. Of the few occupations open to the sightless, John chose the one that appealed most to him—the selling of newspapers.

Capital was furnished by his stepfather, George White, who lives at No. 309 West Forty-second street, and John selected the foot of the "E" stairway at Twenty-eighth street and Sixty-ninth street as his station. From noon until late at night in rain or shine he could be found there. He earned on an average \$3 a day, and every month put \$20 in the savings bank.

John Was Venturesome.

For a time his mother or his stepfather called for him and took him home, but John found that he could find his way around without assistance from his family, and they left him to make his own way. Strangely enough, he picked as his guides two other blind boys about his age—Jimmie Macon and Joe Beyer. Tenderloin newsboys.

Thousands of theatre-goers have seen these boys making their way up Broadway about eleven o'clock every night this spring. Arm in arm they walked

along, talking and laughing, tapping the pavement with their canes, crossing the streets unhesitatingly, dodging obstructions with uncanny instinct.

The three boys went to their homes together as usual on Thursday night, and parted with the understanding that they were to meet at Thirty-third street and Broadway at 8 o'clock yesterday evening. Beyer and Macon were going to a party, they informed young Marley, and would accompany him to his door before going out to enjoy themselves.

When Marley arrived at the rendezvous he found Beyer. Macon was waiting for them on the other side of the street. The two boys had crossed the street at that point so often that they felt no hesitancy in plunging into the thick of the stream of vehicles.

Their Men Gave Warning.

From their manner of walking, their tapping with their canes, drivers of cabs and other vehicles generally slowed up to allow them to get out of danger. They had crossed the street half way last night, when a Waldorf-Astoria hansom, driven by James Plunkitt, of No. 403 East Thirty-fourth street, swung into Sixth avenue from Thirty-third street.

Plunkitt saw the boys he did not realize that they were blind. He drove right into them, the end of one of the shafts struck John Marley on the temple and knocked him down. Then the wheel of the hansom passed over his chest.

"I never knew what was the matter," said Beyer today. "Me and John had a hold of arms and had just passed an 'L' pillar when he was yanked away from me and I heard him holler as he

was knocked down. Then I heard the wheel of the cab run soft like when it hit him and jar again when it hit the pavement. Then I heard people holler 'Stop him!' and somebody said the cabman was trying to get away."

"I tried to get to John, but so many people came running up that they ran me and hustled me to the other side of the street. After a while I met Jimmy Macon and heard an ambulance bell. Then a cop told us that they took John to Bellevue, but that he wasn't hurt very bad."

The extent of the injuries that had been inflicted on the boy was not first apparent. When his mother got to Bellevue he was conscious.

Boy's Talk with His Mother.

"Ma," said the sightless boy, as he passed his trembling fingers over the face of the weeping woman, "you always told me I would get run over if I tried to cross the street without somebody that could see to help me and I got run over. But they say I will get well. Only for a pain in my head I feel all right. I'll be selling papers again before the Fourth of July."

Encouraged by the reports of the doctors that he was not in immediate danger the woman went home. Three hours later she received a telegram telling her that John had died.

The boy was a member of the congregation of the Church of the Holy Cross. He will be buried from there to-morrow. Tenderloin newsboys who knew him chipped in pennies to-day to buy a wreath of flowers for his coffin. In the same pew with the mother and stepfather of John Marley will sit his blind companions in life, Jimmie Macon and Joe Beyer.

TELLS STRANGER HE'LL KILL HIMSELF—AND ENDS LIFE.

Hartman Astonishes Lewis Bois by Cool Preparation for Shooting Himself in Park.

"Well," said the stranger, as he seated himself beside Lewis Bois, of No. 438 East Fifth street, on a bench on the tenth street side of Tompkins Park, at 2 o'clock this morning, "well, I bought a gun to-day and I am going to blow my brains out right here and now."

Bois stared at the man, who went on in an ordinary way: "My name is John Hartman. I've had bad luck. I'm going to stop it. My brother, Christian, lives at No. 304 East Ninth street. If it would not make too much trouble, will you tell him I did it."

The stranger pulled a big 44-calibre revolver from his pocket and turned it over in his hand as he finished speaking. Its metal mountings glittered in the electric-light rays, and Lewis Bois

more frightened than in many a day, leaped and bounded away toward Avenue A. There he met Patrolman Keiffer, of the East Fifth street station. "Quick! There's a man over there going to kill himself," he yelled, and as he pointed toward the park bench on which he had been lounging there was a flash and a report as of a cannon.

They found Hartman had shot off the top of his head.

A hundred park sleepers, startled by the report, awoke and gathered around the suicide.

The suicide was the finish of a long bout with despair. He was thirty-three years old, received a legacy from Wurttemberg. He was penniless and borrowed as from Christian's wife yesterday for clothing, but probably for the revolver.

AUTOS CAUSE DEATH.

Frightened Horse Ran Before Express Train—Boy Killed.

READING, Mass., June 7.—Frightened by the rushing of four automobiles and the blare of their horns, a horse ran away here to-day, dashed through the gates at the railway crossing and an express train struck the team, killing a boy and seriously injuring another boy and the owner of the team.

The automobiles crossed the tracks

safely and rushed on through the town without a pause. The police at once sent out an alarm to all nearby places with the request that the persons driving the machines be arrested.

SHORTAGE IN SOFT COAL.

If the soft coal miners go on strike and tie up the bituminous mines generally, the situation in New York will be worse than ever. Estimates of the supply of soft coal above ground fix it at thirty days for the whole country. The coal in and around New York is not more than enough to last for twenty days. It may be difficult to get an additional supply because of prospective trouble with steamships.

TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY WORLD.

A Plan to Prevent Strikes, by Grover Cleveland.

Carefully Considered Proposition Apropos of the Great Coal Strike for a Permanent Board of Arbitration by the Ex-President; Its Merits Discussed by Ex-Vice President Stevenson, Darwin R. James, Pres. N. Y. Board of Trade & Transportation; Hon. Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo; Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, of Chicago.

What Arbitration Would Have Saved Great Britain in the Boer War.

Discussed by Pres. Faunce of Brown University, Recorder John W. Goff, Bourke Cockran, Senators McLaurin, Burrows, W. A. Clark, Perkins and Teller, and Representative Livingston, of Georgia.

"How to Keep a Husband," by a Woman Who Has Lost Four.

The Clever and Interesting Advice of Mrs. Clarke, Who Has Married a Quartet of Men, Three of Them Millionaires, and is Mourning the Disappearance of the Last One.

Edison Sketched from Life As He Talks About His Latest Triumph in Electricity.

An Interesting, Splendidly Illustrated Article, in Which the Wizard Makes Astonishing Predictions and Forecasts the Future of His New Invention.

How It Feels to Run One Hundred Yards in 9 3-5 Seconds.

The Remarkable Achievement of Sprinter Duffey, and Just What it Means When a Man Covers the Ground at Such Lightning Speed.

Tops, the Good Elephant Who Won't Allow Bad Men to Tease Her.

The Story of the Elephant Who Stood a Good Deal, and Then Rebuked Her Tormentor With Death, Proving that She Was a Lady Not to Be Abused. A Romance from Real Life by Livinia Hart.

New York's Counterfeiters Who Float \$3,000,000 Annually.

A Thrilling Story by Ex-Chief of the Secret Service Hazen, Who Reveals the Mysteries of Counterfeiting, and Tells Why It Is Not a Good Business.

Have Chicago Girls Smaller Feet Than New York's Fair Maids?

Remarkable Claims of an Expert, Who Asserts that Measurements Prove Her Statement, but that the Chicago Girls "Have Lead in their Feet."

Are Half the Jewels in King Edward's Crown Bogus?

A Scandal in London, Which the King is Trying to Hush Up, by Replacing "Paste" Stones in His Crown With Real Ones. Where Have the Jewels Gone?

Lew Wallace's Story of a Midnight Meeting with "Billy the Kid."

The Author of "Ben-Hur," in His Autobiography, Tells a Yarn About the Worst Man the Plains Ever Knew, When He Was Governor of Arizona.

Mysteries of the East River from the Battery to Hell Gate.

What the Bottom of the River from Hell Gate to the Battery Would Reveal if the Water Were Let Out for a Few Hours.

Chollie and Gawge, Prof. Otto, Clarence the Cop, Easy Papa, and Other Favorites in the Funny Side.